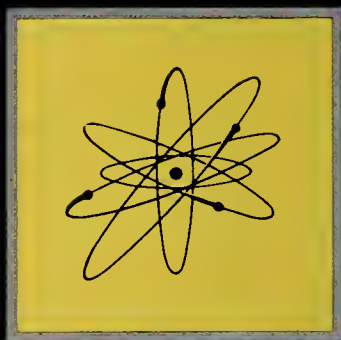
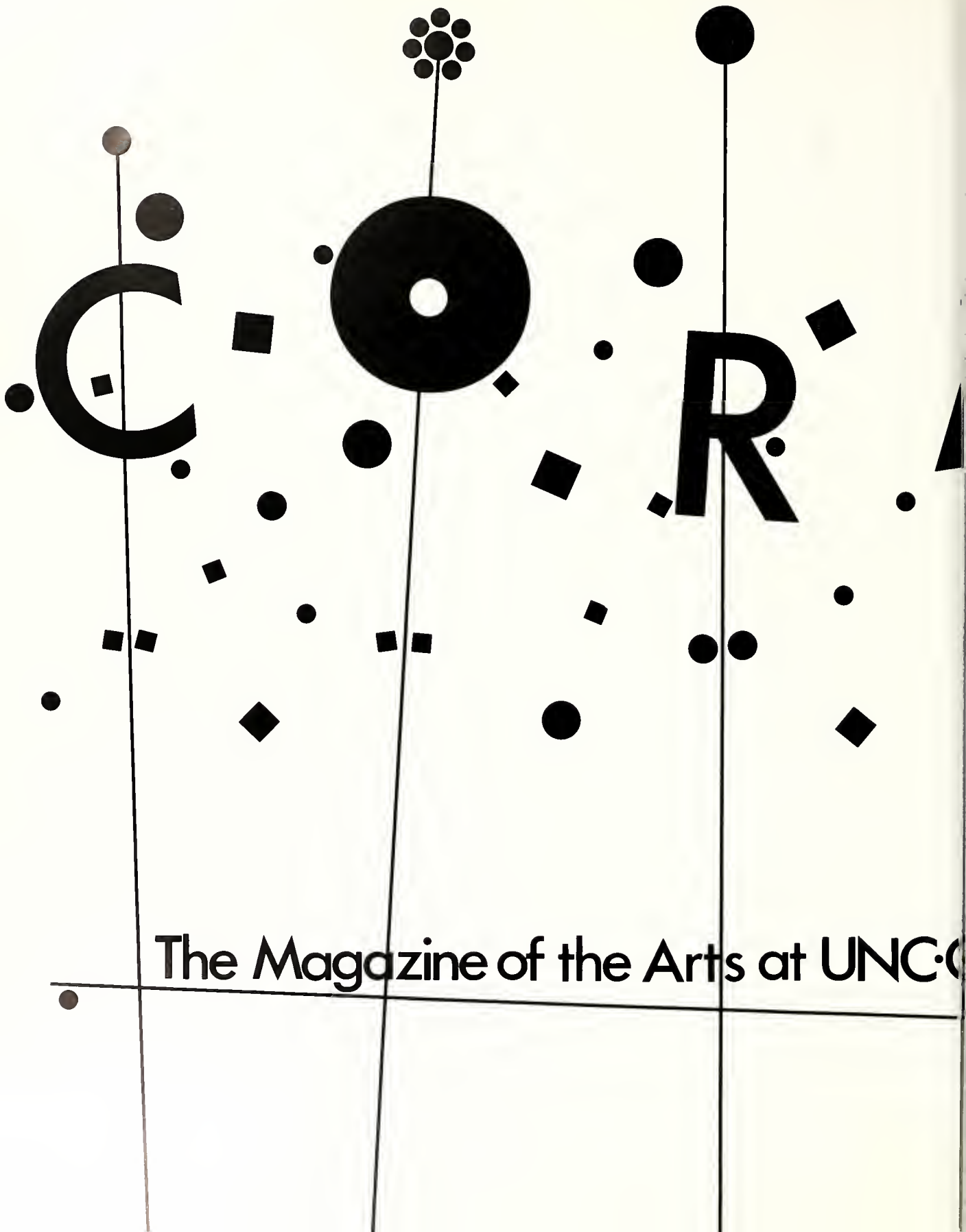


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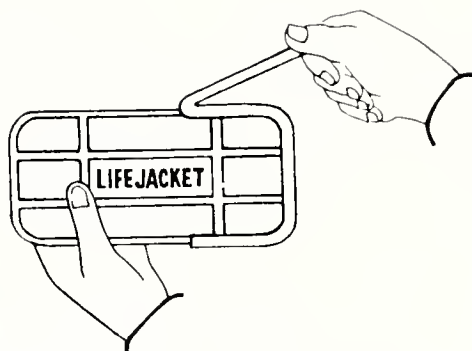
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ROORIM

On a winding woodland path he walked, stepping over fallen branches that tried to block his way and kicking at the hard mushroom-things that stuck like shelves to the bark of almost every tree he passed. The early morning sunlight caught the new spring leaves far above, then came streaming down through the last few traces of the mist that had almost burned away to checkerboard the forest floor. Something in the patterns that formed fascinated him, so he paused for a moment and watched the wind blow waves of light across the ground and trees around him when it stirred the leaves above.

"Nifty." He thought. "Wish I

could do that."

He had been walking for a long time, but he never really got tired. Really, do eight-year-olds ever get tired? Each step brought new wonders to his eyes, and new vitality to his feet — so why stop? Mom thought he was on his way to school, so she wouldn't worry until afternoon when the schoolbus vanished without depositing him at his appointed sideroad. He had traded half his lunch to a kid on the bus for a note to his teacher saying he had been sick, and that had been a good trade. Today he could run around and have fun like mother wouldn't let him have and not have to worry about the other kids calling him names and taking away his crayons.

He was happy.

The forest around him was alive — not just the squirrels and the trees, but the forest itself. Somehow, it was all one big thing. Cool green foliage, the tight curls of briars, the reaching limbs of the trees all seemed to be beckoning him in, deeper and deeper. Finally he stepped off the path, jumped an old stump covered in small ferns that wet his sneakers, and let the arms of the forest close around him.

He pressed through a dense clump of Rhododendron bushes, drawn on by some silvery glint he could just make out on the other side. He wondered for a moment if it might be treasure like his aunt read to him about before she went

MIRROR

away, but then he realized that it was probably just another old beer can someone had cast aside. It was only in passing the last bush that he found himself face to face with the source of the sparkle — a small, almost circular pond which nestled perfectly into the tiny clearing. On it there was not a ripple; in fact, the trees he saw reflected back from it looked as clear as a reflection out of his home mirror. Amazed by his luck, he walked over to the edge of the water and looked down over a gray rock that was covered with flat, crumbly stuff. He hoped to spy a fish or crawdad that he could stalk and capture.

But there were no fish. Another Tommy Myers stared up at him.

He looked down in glee, and happily waved and said, "Hi, me!"

He was, however, quite unprepared when the pond quietly answered him.

For a moment he was scared, then he realized that he was probably just dreaming the whole thing. Mother had told him once that what he saw in the mirror wasn't real — so *this* Tommy couldn't be real either. He remembered just how mad mother had been the day he had stood in front of the bathroom mirror trying to jump fast enough or make enough funny faces to out-move his reflection. But it was too fast for him. Mom said it wasn't

really there, but then, she also told him that the monster in his closet and the hand that waited under his bed at night to grab his feet weren't real either.

He looked back down at the other Tommy and said in a taunting tone, "I'm just dreamin' you!"

"No you're not! I'm dreaming you! Ha! Ha!" It replied smugly without so much as moving its lips.

Tommy was confused and a little scared.

"But I'm me, you have to be my ..." What was the word? "Relection."

"You're my relection," the boy in the pool quietly replied. "I'm just dreaming you. You're only there when I dream you there."

'Aww you're just water!' Tommy said angrily. "See, all the trees and stuff'er on my side!"

But the image in the pool held in its hand the same tree twig that Tommy was holding out to prove his existence.

"See? You're mine! I'm dreaming *you!*" The image laughed in the same way Tommy did when he played a mean trick on his sister.

It was always so nice before she came along, anyway. Everyone just liked him and talked to him whenever he wanted them to. But then they had to move away from his friends to the mountains and he knew it was her fault. She made him lonely and, even worse, made his mother and father hate him, too. He always had to be quiet so he wouldn't "wake her up."

"My mom says that reflections are not real, they're just me bounced back," Tommy said loudly, dropping back to the one source of information that was sure to squelch disbelief in any schoolyard argument.

"Moms are just dreams too. Someday I'll wake up and they'll be gone, too. I'm making up *everything!*" said the other Tommy with an air of self-importance. "Don't you ever dream things that are real, but everyone says they're not?"

"Yes ... but they have dreams too. My sister dreams of monsters and has to scream for mommy," Tommy said, laughing at her stupidity.

"So do I, sometimes," the other Tommy said.

Tommy had to admit that he also had bad dreams sometimes. He used to crawl into bed with mother and father, but now he was a big boy and had to stay in bed with his covers over his head until mother woke him in the morning for school. Only then would the monster in his closet cringe from view behind his coats — but Tommy knew it was still there, plotting against him.

"If my mom's a dream, why

won't she listen to me? My dreams always listen to me!" Tommy asked his image seriously.

"My mom won't listen, either," said the pool, still never moving a bit except when Tommy paused to move or sneeze.

"I'll listen to you if you'll listen to me," Tommy said defensively. "I'm tired of mother and father telling me to shut up and quit bothering them all the time."

"Okay," the image replied. "You first."

Already, Tommy's heart was soaring. He had had no one to play with ever since they'd come to his new house in the mountains, and he'd had to come home right after school — which was boring at best. Now, finally, he had someone who'd listen and not call him dumb or a bad boy. Even if he was a dream, maybe I'm just his dream too, he thought.

So it began.

They talked all afternoon, or, more accurately, Tommy talked. The picture in the pool mostly just listened and told him things he already knew and agreed with what he said. Still, it never moved.

It was quickly apparent that they were both tired of their respective realities. Perhaps one was a dream, perhaps both, maybe neither — but it didn't matter. They both liked the same TV shows, horses, and thought girls were sick.

It was a match made in heaven.

Then suddenly, a cloud moved over the sun and the Tommy in the pool became totally silent. Tommy waved at him, but he waved back without sound and in perfect synch. A light breeze began to blow, ruffling the crystal pond and forming small ripples that fought their way across the smooth surface. And as they did, the other Tommy's face twisted in the same grimace of loss and pain that his did. Then the image began to fade.

"Don't go! Please don't go!

Tommy yelled. But the image faded, the sticks and rocks on the bottom beginning to show through like sores on his friend's face. The magic was disappearing from this place as the sun left it, and Tommy could not stand to be left alone again.

So, without thinking, he rushed to meet his friend.

"See, you were just my dream," the same whispering voice tickled from the coruscating glimmers around him. Something told him to move, to fight, but loneliness kept him from it.

The window to the world above cleared as the waves did, but now there was no other Tommy to look at.

"What can we do now?" Tommy asked, the feeling of warmth and enfolding beginning to fill him for the first time in his life. Around him were many of his friends — enough friends for a lifetime.

They all smiled at him, none wanting to hurt, just to listen and play.

"Here comes another dream," someone said. "Another dream to come stay with us."

Above, Tommy saw a tiny bird that had alighted on a limb overhanging the pond looking down at something interesting in the pool.

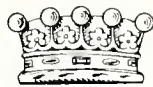
Its head rocked slowly back and forth, as if the last dying glints of sun off the pool were pulling it to and fro with their brilliance.

"Hello, dream," Tommy said as he followed three last glistening spheres on their way towards his new friend.

A robin took flight — headed back for trees and nest — startled by the quiet burst of bubbles on the crystal pond.

Mark A. Corum





CROWN



"GRAPHIC " 8

PRINTS

Silkscreen, Barbara Racker



Lithograph, Quinne Fokes



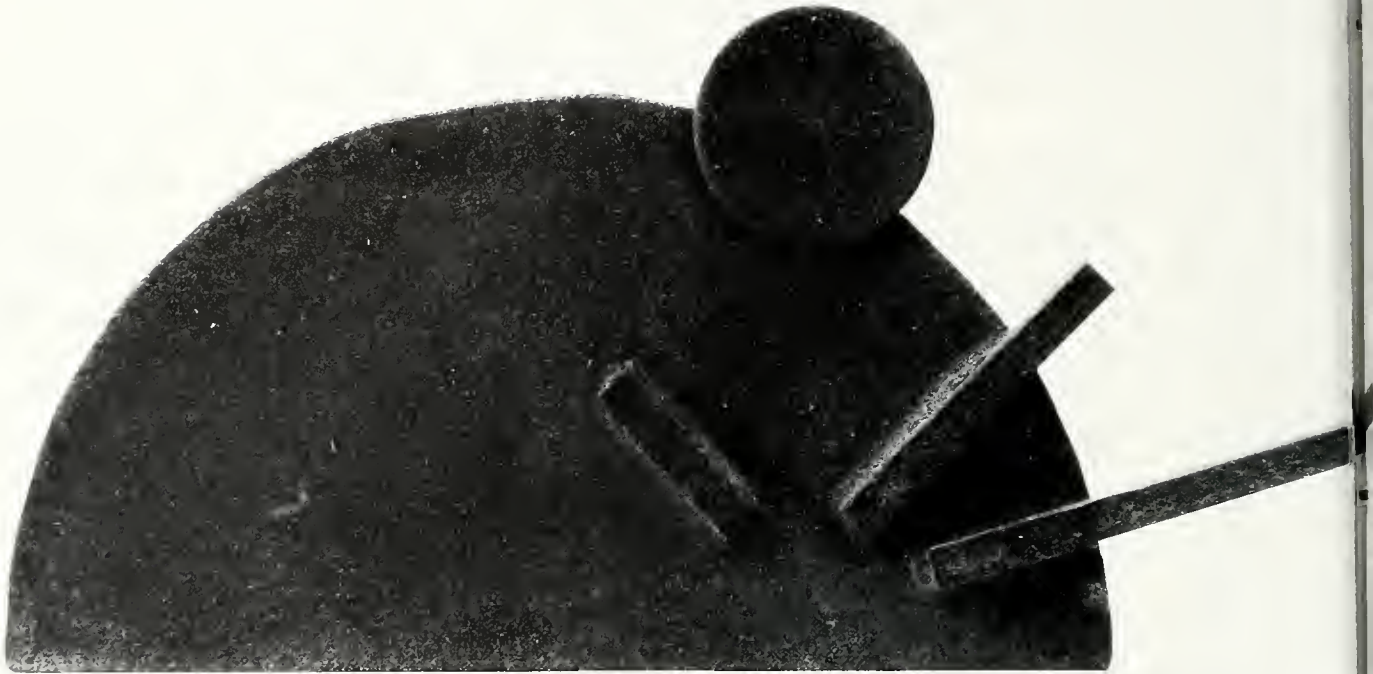
Etching, Quinne Fokes



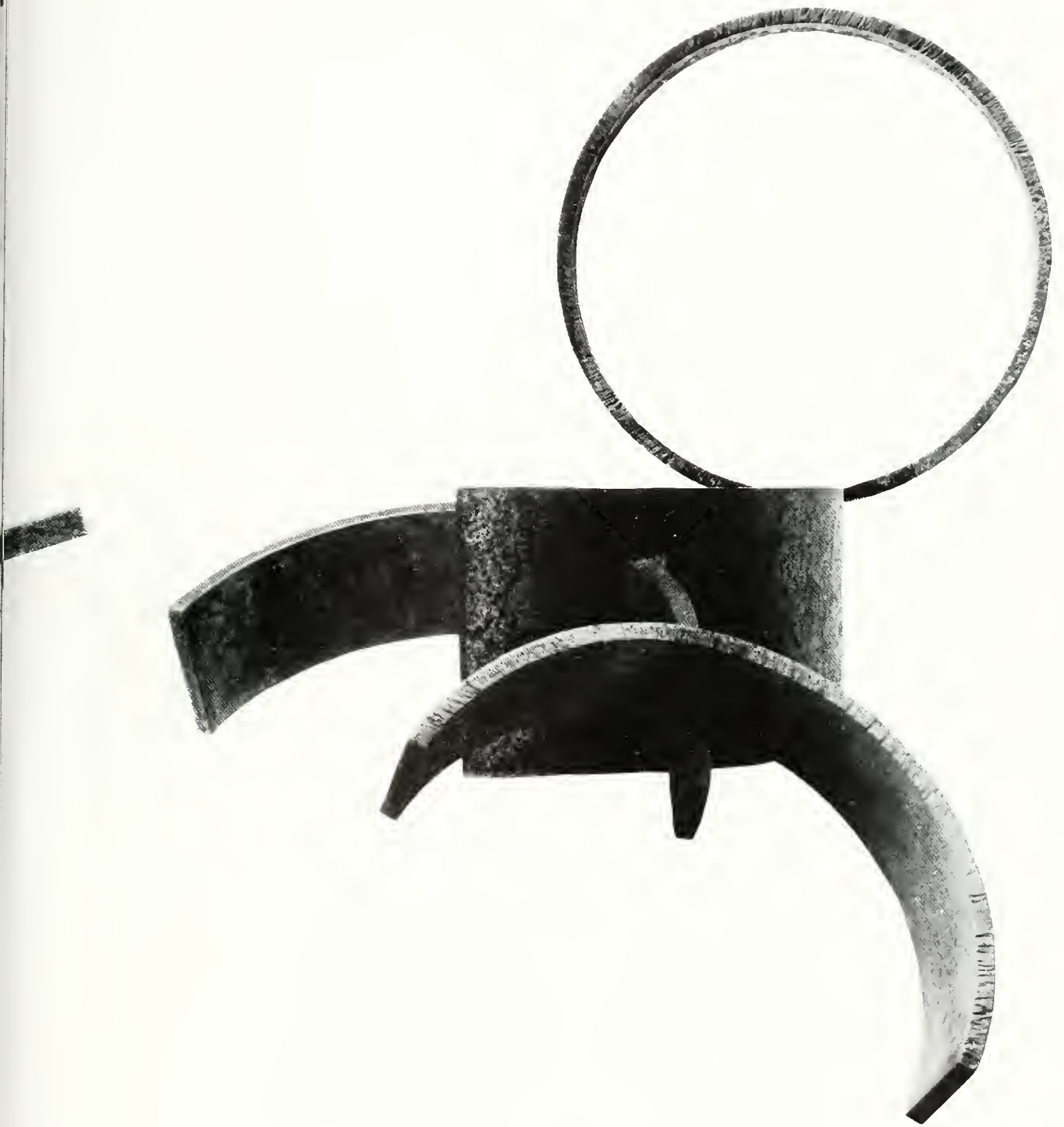
Woodcut, Keith Buckner



Etching, Soni Martin



tom severa
SCULPTURE



HOTTEST STEEL THIS SIDE OF DETROIT.

Bruce Piephoff is a graduate student at UNC-G in the MFA Creative Writing Program, and a local musician (some of his poems were written as songs).

A Mouse In The House

I got in there
midway through the second half
and here comes Cotton
poetry in motion
rhythm and rapture
Nurcyev in Converse Chuck Taylor All Stars
like Hell on wheels
wearing a Pork Pie Hat
screaming like Coltrane
roaring like a freight train
As he passes the globe
to Thelma Monk
who flips it behind the back
bounce pass
inside to "Bird!"
And they're going,
"There's a mouse in the house!"
"The mouse is in the house!"
And the mouse is standing
flatfooted
like the Pillsbury Dough Boy
like an Academia Nut
trying to guard "Bird!"
as "Bird!" spins, takes two steps, a dribble
and flies into the air
skywalking for a sweet 360
slam bust
landing back down on Earth
on top of me
the "mouse in the house"
And my teammates help the mouse
off the court
back over to the bench
My heroes—on the playgrounds
of Greensboro
More real to me
than Charlemagne, Jesse Helms
or John Travolta
Yea, they let the Mouse
their Mouse
get a little Run in....

Free Dance Lesson

"Hello, this is Fred Astaire
The dance studio that is
We've pulled your name from a hat
Or, uh, rather what it is
You've won a free dance lesson
And an invitation too
To one of our fabulous parties
Congratulations to you!"

"You mean I really won something?"
"That's right, you're one of the few"
(They only call 101 out of every 102)
"There's only two days of madness, cuz
After every five days of hell
Fred Astaire will teach you the hustle
We'll bring you out of your shell"

Tired of sitting while everyone dances?
Tired of watching it all on TV?
Do the women waltz right by you
To disco with guys like me?
You don't have to be the pope
To learn how to rope
You can be a regular chump
And still learn to hump

Samba, rumba or tango
Polka, cha cha or more
Swing, fox trot or Latin hustle
New York or Studio 54
We'll show you where to put the muscle
We'll teach you to mop the floor

Call us and make an appointment
We're looking forward to meeting you
And congratulations again
Can you believe it's really true?

BRUCE PIEPHOFF poetry

Fumbling For A Chesterfield

Shipwrecks & sharks
Stumbling in the dark
Fumbling for a Chesterfield
Crazy & crippled
By Richard's & Ripple
Tomorrow's beg, borrow & steal
Takin' a look at it
Before I get too kin' it
Ain't no gettin' over you
Time ain't money
When you're gone honey
I just can't believe we're through
You was so busy
Dazzling & dizzy
You said "Nobody falls in love no more"
Well, I'm hoppin' a fast train
This is my last refrain
I'm goin' back to Baltimore
So pass me that bottle
My hand's on the throttle
Ain't no slowing down for now
When I get home to mama
I'll dry out & promise
To get it together somehow
Shipwrecks & sharks
Stumbling in the dark
Fumbling for a Chesterfield
Crazy & crippled
By Richard's & Ripple
Tomorrow's beg, borrow & steal

The Gift That Keeps On Giving

I sit on a purple chair
in the UNC infirmary
A sign outside the lab reads:
"VD The Gift That Keeps On Giving"
It's Christmas and I feel
as purple as this chair I'm sitting on
and I'm singing "Mothers don't let
your children grow up to be writers"
and the doctor appears from
the office door behind me
in a Santa Claus suit
"Ho, ho, ho your test is negative"
"Thanks, Santa"
"Merry Christmas, ho, ho, ho"
The nurses are all snuggling up
to Santa Claus in the hall
"My my Santa, you've lost a lot of weight
Have some egg nog, we gotta fatten you up"
The nurses look good and I'm
thinking to myself as I roll
up the wrestling poster I found in
the garbage on Silver Ave
"Christ I could have been
a doctor like him. Look at me"
The waste of human potential
that must be the tragedy
What good are 1,000 poems
compared to
"Ho, ho, ho, your test is negative"
Mothers, don't let your children
grow up to be poets

Visit To Willow Haven

It was on Banner Street near a metalworks
and a cigarette factory

"Willow Haven Rest Home"

I was escorted to Room 60 where my grandfather
was laying in bed asleep

The proprietor woke him up

"Mr. Diephoff, Mr. Diephoff, you have a visitor"

Paw Paw slowly and rigidly propped himself up
first on one elbow, then to a seated position

in the disheveled bed

"Danny" he said

He'd mistaken me for my brother

"No, it's Bruce"

His face was wrinkled and his eyes a little wild at first
But then a smile appeared and a twinkle in those eyes,
bloodshot from sleep

"Have a seat" he said "but not on the bed"

(his roommate's neatly made bed)

"Over there in the rocking chair"

On a T.V. dinner tray beside his bed sat:

a jar of peanut butter, 2 packs of Winstons and a box
of several dozen cigars, all different sizes

On the table at the foot of his bed by the window was
a lamp, 1 empty bottle of Coca-Cola, 1 half empty
bottle of Coca-Cola, a Bible, several Salvation

Army pamphlets, unopened mail and a hearing aid

The room was small but had a bathroom and a TV (his roommate's)

The walls were a pale green and there was a window

that looked out into a field of freshly cut grass

and a pond

I sat there in the rocking chair, kicked back, lit up

a cigar with him, plugged in a Slim Whitman tape

and began to talk

"How are you?"

"OK Have you heard from your Dad?"

"Yea, I got a letter"

"Are you working anywhere?"

"Yea, washing dishes and taking out garbage at the
Sunset Cafe"

"Oh...well, you need some new shorts. Those have
about had it."

For Heaven's Sake

I dreamed I died
And went to heaven
Where I lived next door
To a Seven-Eleven
Yea, I had me a room
In a boarding house
With no fleas or roaches
And just one mouse
We had two squares a day
And a corner bar
With 100 drafts
And the walk wasn't far
I had a baseball bat
Under my bed
And a Jesse James poster
Over my head
And a three-in-one
Cue and pipe
Also used
As a cane at night

And in this boarding house
I was blessed
With roommates
Some of the very best
The Up and Coming
The Down and Out
Superstars
Without a doubt
Charles Bukowski
Lived in the back
With the power of light
And the frontal attack
Lightnin' Hopkins
Lived downstairs
Black and evil
And going nowhere
There was Larry Bird
From French Lick, Indiana
Coltrane and "Cornbread"
From Carolina
And "Egg Fu" Young
From the Iron City
And Mose Allison
From Mississippi

I'd play some "globe"
With "Cornbread" and Bird
Then cuff a bottle
Of Thunderbird
Sit up all night
Playing the blues
With Lightnin' Bukowski
And ole "Egg Fu"
We had no problems
Keepin' up with the Jones'
Had a place in Heaven
All our ownse
Plenty of beer
And conversation
With no hangovers
Or altercations
Soon as I got
Squared away
I bought me some shoes
At the Pic'n Pay
Bought myself
An old dark suit
Went out on
A three-day boat

I put a new battery in his hearing aid and helped him put it on cause one of his arms was curled up beside him from a previous stroke
 Then I got him some ice in a cup and poured him some Coca-Cola
 "Do you play golf?" he asked
 "No, never have"
 "Well, I have some clubs...."
 "What size shorts do you wear?"
 "32"
 "O well, mine are too big ... ha ha ha"
 Slim Whitman crooned away, yodeling and whistling from the cassette tape deck
 We talked about going to baseball games and movies when I was a kid
 eating peanuts and catching foul balls
 and getting autographs from Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris
 the year they broke Babe Ruth's record

Talked about family...how all his stuff had been moved from Gateways Plaza into storage
 He seemed to sense that he would be here or somewhere worse from now on ... but he was still proud
 It meant not seeing Ruby, his girlfriend
 It meant living with a man sized spirit trapped inside a broken down body
 It meant having a lady wake him up at 9:30 PM to change his sheets because he had to wet the bed
 being unable to get up and use the toilet
 It meant feeling helpless and dependent

After an hour or so Aunt Margaret showed up with mail and some new pajamas
 When she walked in the room his face lit up like a fluorescent light
 and he sat up anxiously
 like a little kid

Coca-Cola Calendar Girl

Coca-Cola
 Calendar Girl
 Smile at me
 As I study your curls
 Kick your ankles
 And rock my world
 Coca-Cola Calendar Girl

Coca-Cola girl
 Don't wear no blouse
 Smiles at me
 And Molly the Mouse
 We all live here
 At Flossie's Flop House
 Along with Jody & Eddie & Ray

Life's a hurried sketch
 By a very good artist
 A bad day
 For a Bonapartist
 The battles ain't won
 They ain't even fought
 And flowers get kicked & uprooted

Here come Jody
 With a pint of whiskey
 Says, "Take ya a slur"
 I wanna see if it's risky
 Wanna see if it'll kill ya
 Or make ya frisky"
 He insists that he is my buddy

It's a dog's life
 But we keep plugging on
 Cuttin the rug
 To our favorite songs
 Simple companionship
 Rolling along
 Down the road to wherever

Life's a hurried sketch
 By a very good artist
 A bad day
 For a Bonapartist
 The battles ain't won
 They ain't even fought
 And flowers get kicked & uprooted

And Eddie slings hash
 At the Blue Cafe
 To pay the lawyers
 For his buddy Ray
 Ray's a trusty
 At the County Jail
 Pullin 30 days for drunk & disorderly

Coca-Cola
 Calendar Girl
 Smile at me
 As I study your curls
 Kick your ankles
 And rock my world
 Coca-Cola Calendar Girl

Home Run

Here I am at last
What more could I ask
on my thirtieth birthday
Typer, Home Run cigarettes, java, a job, low rent (35\$/mo.)
trash pile in the yard, lake around the bend, six pack in the frig
mice in the cup board, snake in the attic, stray dog under the house
wild deer to admire, glue, lemon oil, Cream of Wheat
for the mice to eat while I'm asleep
No symphony of flushing toilets, thorazine, LSD, christian publications
ECT, prefrontal lobotomy, TM or other psychedelic experiences
shit stains in my underwear
thumbtacks, crayons, shoe polish, rat poison
and other harmless objects like
a dog who's easy to live with, stamps, paper, cassette recorder
guitars, chairs, warm weather coming, stolen pens and pencils
cashews, avocado, tuna,
a sharp knife, rope, books, scrapbook and other dangerous articles
including mirrors, memories, a telephone and a ladder where the
side porch steps should be, stars in the sky, no one to say goodbye to
Mud to walk in and track through the house
No algebra, permutations, locus of points, tedious tax forms, loan payments
Ice to melt, then boil for coffee, backgammon board, naked lady poker cards
a small harmless wart on my butt
visine, wood to build a fire in the front yard with
a leak in the roof, snow drifts in the living room, 2 oranges,
a dozen eggs, and 3 dozen frozen dill pickles
no neighbors, no clothes, a hat and a hand on
No family to disappoint, no steel eyes like national fingerpicks to look at
A broken window pane and a slight breeze through that pane
No bloated wallet, \$\$\$, platinum blondes or mercury marquis w/divorcee
No shaky knees, liver, heart ground or sky
fleas, flies and bees and nightmares about you
and other dreams from Debussy, Van Gogh, Rimbaud when I can sleep
a flute, a kerolene lamp, no Dylan or Elvis records, Groucho nose and
glasses w/mustache, Jesus comic book, no barbells to lift or liver and whey...
windows to stare out of (or peek out of) and walls covered with watercolor
paintings, crayon scratching, postcards, calendars, poems, letters,
pictures, construction paper valentines, lipstick and grease; also to stare at
crickets, dogs, a space heater, mice and the frig to listen to...
Life's not so horrible, alone at 30
without tv, on a Monday night at 3:05 am in Stem, NC
I put Al Jarreau on the antique 2 cylinder Voice of America Hi-Fi
(one speaker blown) and get a low voltage shock treatment
from the armature; the usual (treatment for manic depression)
then light a Home Run (the cure)
and watch Ty Cobb steal second, third, home
through the smoke

Perspective Studies



Hanging Rock, N.C.

Summer 1982

State College, Pa.

Fall, 1978





Brussels, Belgium

Summer, 1981



Brussels, Belgium

Summer, 1981



Cape Cod, Mass.

Summer, 1979



■ State College, Pa.

Fall, 1979

photography by Susan Canning

KEITH BUCKNER

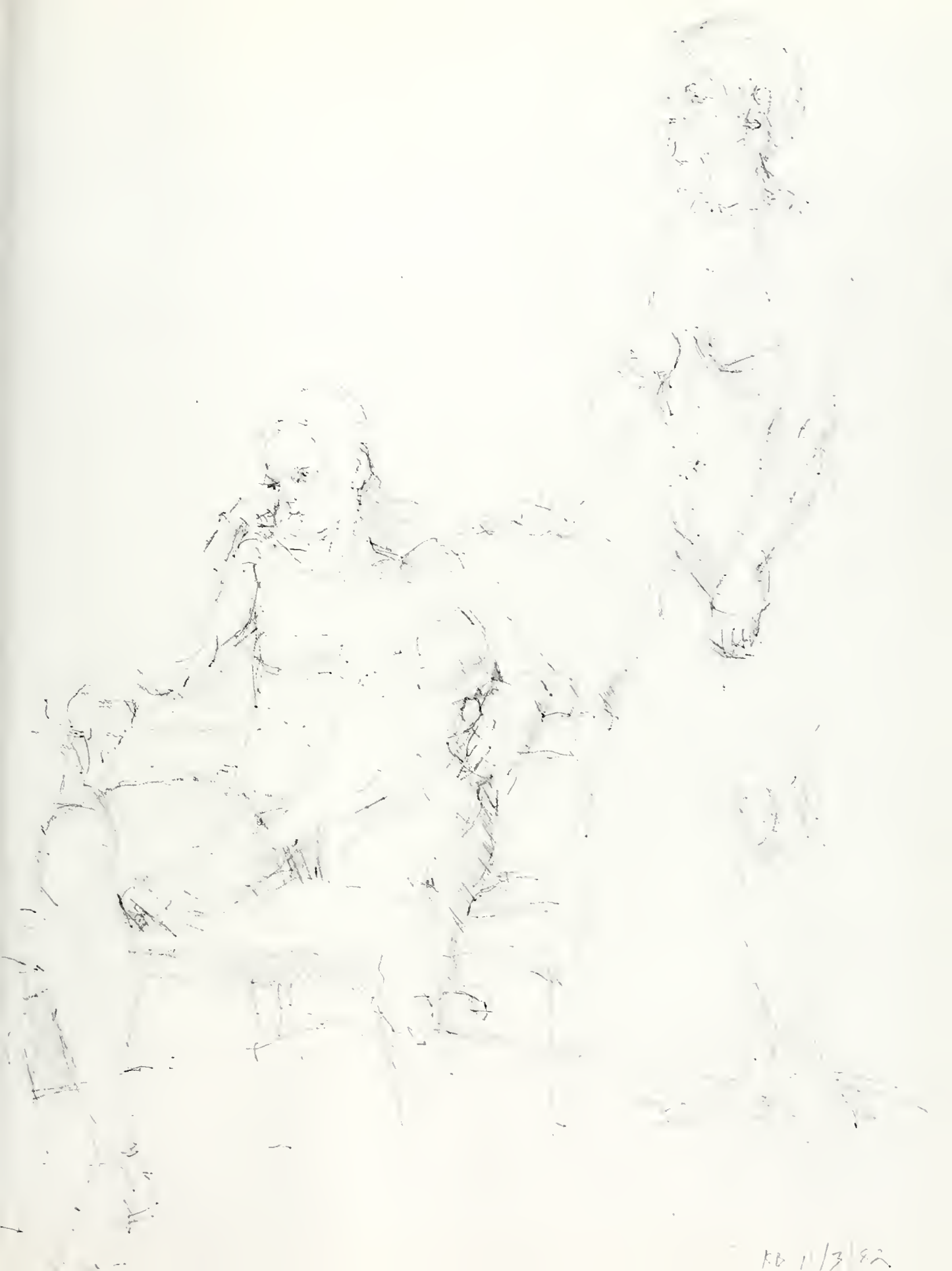


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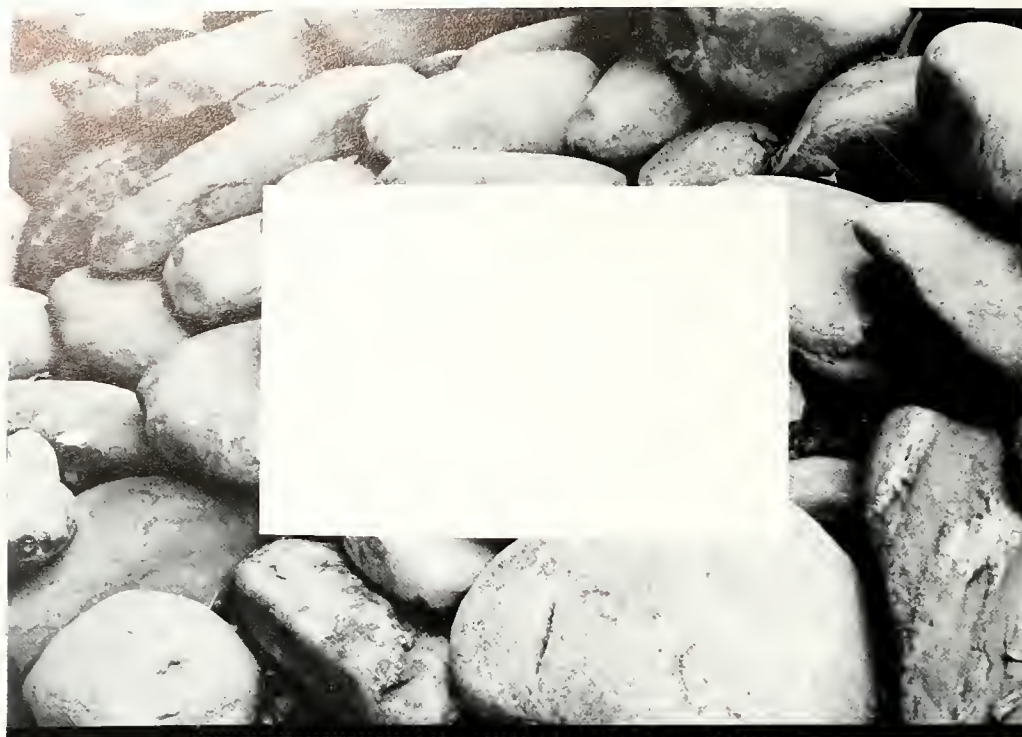












the LEGACY

Larry D. Russell

When my father died, he did not will me very much. I got a pair of his shoes, which were too small for me, and one of his pipes, which was just right. But the best part of my inheritance was something altogether different. My father passed on to me the art of skipping rocks. He did this without ever mentioning it; indeed, perhaps without even realizing he was doing it.

At least once during every summer of my childhood Daddy would awaken my two brothers and myself long before sunrise and herd us, along with our mother, into the car for the long ride from Union, South Carolina through the Blue Ridge Mountains into Tennessee. I cannot remember the

first half of all those trips because my brothers and I slept until we reached the narrow roads spiraling around the mountain-sides. Once awake, we would look with awe out over the vast green valleys, tracing the winding river which reflected the blue of the morning sky. My dreams still tremble at times with the clutching fear I felt whenever Mother told of carloads of screaming families plummeting down the sheer cliffs. On one trip a balding tire screeched on every curve. That was the quietest ride my brothers and I ever took.

We rarely stopped at any of the roadside stands filled with apple cider jugs, teddy bears, and rugs decorated with shimmering Last Suppers and American flags. Daddy seemed unable to rest until he

had reached his destination. Del Rio, Tennessee is a small and painfully uneventful town, inhabited by the plainest peasants, but to watch my father make his annual pilgrimage to spend a few days there, one would think it might have been the center of the world. Perhaps for him it was.

Several miles from Del Rio, off one of those endlessly curving Tennessee roads, my great-aunt owned a small farm, with two one-acre fields divided by a white frame house tucked against the side of a small mountain. Out back a chicken coop and tobacco shed were built into the side of the hill. The grass of the front yard grew beneath a gigantic oak out to the bank of a small swift stream. A wooden bridge joined the yard to the gravel driveway climbing up to

the road. My family and I slept upstairs in Aunt Willena's house whenever we visited her.

My father spent much of his week or so of vacation fishing the French Broad River with his brothers, Aunt Willie's son Tommy and whoever else they could talk into going. They would pack the trunk of the car with fishing tackle, load us children in the back seat, and head out early in the morning or late in the evening — the best fishing times — for the river. They never failed to stop at a local grocery store for beer, cigarettes, and candy. In those days a quarter would buy a small bag full of Tootsie Rolls and Mary Janes. Then on down the road we would go, past the Baptist Church, across the railroad tracks, and out into the country to find their favorite fishing hole.

To a small child that river seemed to be a mile wide. Many parts of it were white and noisy with rapids, where large boulders shouldered the current like wading elephants. The stretches where we usually fished were smoother, slower, with water so clear you could see the bottom even several feet away from the shore. One hot day when the fish refused to bite we all took off our shirts and shoes and jumped into the river. My younger brother and I waded near to shore while the others swam out into the current. Daddy's cousin Tommy had slipped a beer into his shorts before going out and, swimming all the way across, he emerged on the other bank holding the beer aloft and shouting at us. Several yards upstream a huge stone railroad trestle crossed the river, and Tommy climbed up the side of it. When he reached the top, he finished his beer and yelled, "Do you dare me?"

"He'll never do it," my Uncle Jay said.

"Ten to one says he will," countered my father.

"He'll kill himself, the drunken fool," said Uncle Bill.

"Go ahead and jump, you chicken!" cried Daddy after a moment.

Someone yelled as Tommy threw the beer can off and watched it splash into the river below, then followed it waving his arms and legs until he hit the water feet first. We were all very quiet until he surfaced. We did not swim any more that day.

Daddy always fished with earthworms that he dug up underneath Aunt Willie's chicken coop. He and my uncles would land catfish and an occasional carp, but most they caught suckers, what they called buffalo fish, with a long smooth forehead bulging shiny and moist between protruding eyes down to a puckered snout. I was too young and impatient to fish, so when my father hooked a small fish he would hand me his rod and let me reel it in. He was very careful to call any fish caught in this manner *my* fish. I liked that.

It was when the fishing grew dull and the water cool that my dad would skip rocks. He and Uncle Bill and Uncle Jay and Tommy and my older brother Pete would each gather a handful of smooth pebbles off the river bottom just large enough to fit in the circle formed by touching the tips of the forefinger and the thumb. Then each one would stand facing upstream, except Tommy who was lefthanded, and throw stones out across the smooth surface of the water. The men competed against one another for the best skip. They also tried to get the highest number of skips in a single toss. On a good day, with calm water and a flat smooth stone, Daddy could get ten skips from a rock that would reach halfway across the river. My brother Julian and I would stand nearby, trying our best to get our jagged, poorly thrown rocks to skip, only to watch them disappear with a wet 'ker-plop.'

Nobody could skip rocks like my dad. He was short, with muscular

arms and quick reflexes and the agility of a much taller man. He would stand there on the banks of that river, his black hair shining in the sun, and toss those rocks for what seemed like hours. Crouching low, his knees bent, left hand out flat over the edge of the water, he would turn his upper body a little away from the river, raise his right arm up and out, thumb and forefinger curved around the stone's edge, and with a twist of his torso bring his arm around in front of him in a side-armed delivery so that both arm and stone remained parallel with the water. The final sudden flick of his wrist, which was the secret of his power, sent the stone out in wide arching skips shortening into one long skimming push, as if the rock were really a frog scurrying across the river, and finally plunging to the bed below. We could hardly even hear the stones splash.

There is a rumor in my family spoken of only in hushed tones and with raised eyebrows that somewhere back in those Tennessee mountains Indian blood was mingled with white. If that be true — and my father's raven-black hair and dark complexion, my own high cheek bones and thinbeardedness, all attest to it — then my father no doubt stands in a long, long line of rock skippers. I like to think of our ancestors pausing from the drudgery of the hunt to pass their ancient days tossing water-smoothed stones across the surface of that same river. True or not, I am grateful to my father for my inheritance. His shoes have long since been dropped into the Salvation Army collection box. I sit even now smoking slowly and expansively the pipe he gnawed for so many years. And today, while walking away my depression out by a nearby pond, I skipped a single rock, after ten minutes of trying, eight times out into the center of the water. ■



“a
poem
should
not
mean
but
be”

ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

Matthew 18:3

Children love word rituals
 Our Father
They delight in repeating
 Which art in heaven
The words of the Big Bad Wolf and
 the replies of the three little pigs
 Hallowed be thy Name
They delight in nursery rhymes
 Thy kingdom come
With each special word
 Thy will be done
Specially said in its special place
 In earth as it is in heaven
Everyone was once a child
 Give us this day our daily bread
And everyone still holds in his heart
 And forgive our debts
The child that he once was
 As we forgive our debtors
And he uses that open child
 For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory
Not guarded with masks of consciousness
 Forever
In the dialogue with God
 Amen

Kathy Tesh

The Poverty of Summer

I wake in a country
that resembles at dawn
the backdrop of a dream,
the land flat & vacant
under ghostwritten clouds,
the rivers paralyzed.
She rouses briefly,
forgetting white roses
climb out of darkness
into impoverished summer
& strangle on dust.
We were children together.
In the disheveled light,
her face looks as if bruised
by shadows of old kisses.

Howard Good

Howard Good is an assistant professor of journalism at the University of North Dakota at Grand Forks. All other poetry was contributed by UNC-G students.







The Display

When was June
 Mayflies and
Luna moths thick as
 Splashing gum.

When June
 Bugs were pebbles
Plucking glass
Watched in awe by
 kitchen boys.

We gathered the hurt
We clamped smudged fingers on
 Fat dusty bodies
And watched
 Antenna raking the
Frantic air.

When was the season
We embalmed the dead
 Impaled them in
A glass display

Or mothballed in attics
 Dimmed with dust
From summers forgotten
 Along the way.

Those tragic collisions
 While seeking light
We learned walls and we got taller
One day men peered from behind
 The windowpanes, at
Abandoned kitchens in
 Cool empty homes

When was June
 When we and they
Were captured alive
 And revelled in
Their fluttering death.

Craig Shaffer

A golden smog flowed
reflecting on vein covered flesh
as it reached for the
vibrating metal ropes
A blurred piercing loudness
weaved a connecting thread
through yeast soaked brains
And the child remained silent

The gold faded to white
Sweat drenched bodies moved
in pulsating ritual
tongues mingled and breathed
nicotine clouds above the masses
that screamed in agony
and piously pleaded for more
And the child remained silent

He stared intently as his father
grasped his groin,
gritted his teeth and
shrilled electric Donald Duck
into the deafening volume
The rock rolled off a cliff
crashing into a violent sea
of hysteria
And the child remained silent

Michael Langdon

Defeat

9-14-82 cms

I followed it
and sold my soul—
the Dark One has it now.
I'm trying to get it back
but I don't know how,
entrails knotted
heart half-eaten
and soul rotted,
I wait
—he laughs—
unfair advantage—
how would I know?
snip now on lines dotted.
make love to me in the time allotted
(soul — used — for sale or rent.)
time is up
you missed the tone
—give it back! you've got your own—
it's a take.
turn it off...

diana creech

Bayou

The hammock swings
On an Alabama evening
Among whispering cyprus
Alligators groan in the moss

A town without windows
A soul seeps through.

Craig Shaffer

A Spell of Depression

Sometimes I wonder
If I'm all there.
Sometimes I wander
From the social glare.
Sometimes I'm normal,
Sometimes I'm strange.
Sometimes my mind feels
unarranged.
I've grown used to
Life's unending stare.
Sometimes I wonder if
something's wrong
Somewhere.

Pete Walker



Lost Love

Love was clinging to a tattered awning
when the rain came.

Tired,
she dripped onto the hot sidewalk
where heavy feet kicked.

Love cowered in the street
while the night prowled,
hungry.

Then love startled me from the gutter.
Her claws raked my back in desperation;
I screamed and she cringed.

We traded eyeballs,
suspiciously.

Love was not beautiful.
Her lips bled disappointment
and her hands were cold.

Love waited shivering in the shadows.
Nervous,
I glanced around a corner.
When I turned back
love was gone.

Michael Epple

The Night of the Dance

Afraid of the lunatic beauty of girls,
we took pulls from the bottle, grimaced,
cheap cherry wine the color of blood
scorching our throats like acid.
The nicknames stitched on our jackets
with the loops & curls of fantasy
identified us in the frail darkness
as accomplices of nightfall.
I suddenly shivered; I had to piss.
Floodlights blazed outside the school.
Away from the lights we huddled,
a crooked star if seen from above.

Howard Good

I rode eagles when my mother wasn't looking
but I never fell off.
I named myself Astrid and married the moon.
Walking a tightrope with hoops
in my ears I was smiling, a show-woman
in the aerial circus.

Blue Note

Shaved head gleaming in
Blue-green lights
Curtis would play

Resilient into the night
Tumbling notes over a smoky sea,

A golden instrument to sway
Restless tribes from violent streets

Where sirens wail and pigeons die
Islands waiting for the light.

He play it
To yawning crowds
Drunk vacant faces

His lips taste blood, eyes glaze
But smooth, smooth as razors slice

The wings from flies, the piping throat
Smooth as feathers across a taunting thigh.

He played on; cosmic, immaculate
Roiling whirlpools of sound

Music of spheres and beers
Deep in gold
Blues and green.

Craig Shaffer

My Arms and My Legs

I called her yesterday
she said she was too busy
to talk.
My arms and My legs,
she said she didn't have time
to come by and see me.
A fast phone call ended,
she said, listen - call me sometime,
and be sure to eat well.
Big deal I thought. - I'll call her,
my arms and my legs.

Lisa Angenette Clark

I carried a silver pole
for balance, a gift from my husband.
No one knew
I had deserted my mother's house. Afterwards
I was so calm, so pale
in the crescent sunlight and the daytime
moon.

Shelley Smith

CORADDI

C ornelian gives music to my name
O nward pushing, always the same.
R ugged sometimes is my path
A delphian gives me all she hath
D oing always her helpful part;
D ikean adds youth and art
I mplying fame.

(M. Kinard, '20, *Adelphian*)



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David Herman

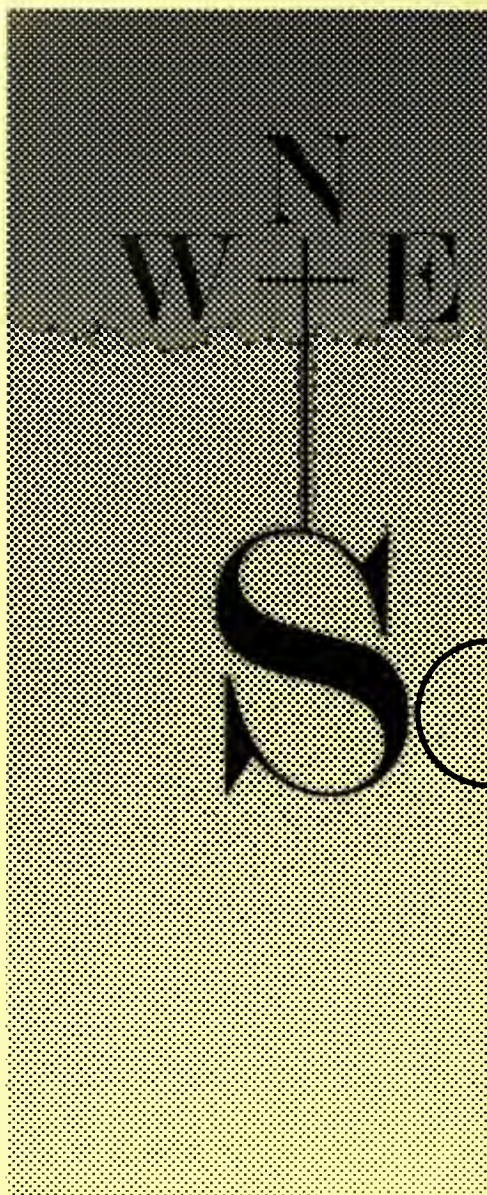
It is night in the South — a summer's night. July has been oozing through the Carolinas, leaving a trail like the slimy path of a slug.

Now, in a town near the coast, the humid, fingered night gropes at doors and walls and windows. Air-conditioners rumble in the dark. Fans whir in homes, lifting wisps of frazzled hair from pillowcases. Poor folk toss and turn on sheets sodden with sweat. The torpor of the tropics deadens feline limbs, and dogs force their muzzles upwards into the soupy air. Dawn will soon be here.

Somewhere, a light flicks on. A man readies himself for work. He rolls back a door to the blackness and the buzzing of bugs. He stands still a moment and feels the air tug and pull at the moisture in his pores. In front of him, as he stands looking out from the garage, a cat's eyes flash brilliant green. Its meows and moans are dampened by the night.

The man rolls down the door behind him and starts out for work, feeling the ground glide by smoothly beneath his bicycle's wheels. Down the street he flies: the air parts before him and a reluctant breeze oozes through his shirt. He hears only the rush of wind and the squeak of his pedals as he hurtles past dark, silent houses.

On and on he flies, struggling against the thickness of July, passing underneath blinking spotlights, humming powerlines, and the amber glow of streetlights. One car, then another, and then another whizzes by, and the man on his bicycle looks at the backs of the drivers' heads, mere shadows against dashboard lights. One is slumped over slightly; the others seemed to be lashed atop rigid shoulders as the drivers pass ever so near the sirens of Sleep. Tail-lamps grow distant and then fade as the sighs of the autos are absorbed by the night.



Onward the man rushes, and the sweat glistens on his arms as he pedals beneath the streetlamps. He breathes heavily now, trying to suck in enough oxygen from the darkness around him.

"Squeak ... squeak ... squeak." "Wooooohhh." The man tilts his head forward and watches the pavement slip by beneath his tires. The night shrinks and he feels only the ache in his legs and the perspiration trickling down his neck. His surroundings grow blurred and fuzzy; and, as he listens for it, the inner voice cries out, driving

him on, decrying his weakness, then fading, dissipating as it absorbs the night.

At last, the man has reached his destination: he ceases to pedal and glides to a halt. Lights hum and crackle as he locks up his bike near the building. The inner voice barks a reminder to him from out of the darkness and he hustles inside. As the doors swing shut behind him, dogs return their muzzles to their paws and close their eyes in sleep. Air-conditioners rumble, fans whir, the poor writhe on sodden sheets: dawn in the South is here. ■

GOAT HUT

Elizabeth Pollock

A milky fog seeped down among maple and apple trees, settling in the wide grassy gully that spread itself parallel to the main road and was wooded until it passed behind the Craven's white house. The slopes moved down, green and soft on either side meeting at the bottom and were connected by a small bean and squash patch.

It was morning and up the hill near the house the fog cleared and a light purple sky gave hint to a warm day.

Millie arose around five to walk Beagle around the house. The old dog grunted on ahead as he walked. She picked him up when they neared the back porch again, carrying him inside, "Paul, you up?"

Hearing Paul mumble in the other room, she started the boiling water for eggs. In several minutes he could be heard entering the hall and rasping to himself, "... hope ... them boys ... an' better off..." Finally, standing in the doorway his voice ceased with the sound of a zipper and a snap. "You take Beagle out?"

She nodded and bent over the stove knocking the boiling eggs against one another with a hot fork. Paul, wiping spittle from his bristly chin, moved bent-back to

the table to spread out the silverware.

At seven, Millie was on her way down the slope to the goat lot. Daisy Mae had been sick the day before. "She'll probably need something in her stomach by now. Hope they didn't get too wet — get Paul to fix that roof —." The night before, a good shower soaked the grass and made it slick enough so that the old woman slipped a little as she neared the edge of the garden. Brushing against reaching squash leaves, Millie felt the clear drops roll down her calf muscle disappearing at her ankles into the white cotton socks.

Millie set the bucket of feed down before the gate to search for her keys, "—always lock this up at night, who knows what might get in here—" The gate swung open and hung over the path leading inside. She stepped into the pen and walked toward the old goat house.

Paul built the lot and hut fifteen years earlier when his wife had bought Daisy Mae and had just completed it the moment they arrived. Pulling the young goat out of the truck-bed, Millie chatted with her then younger husband.

"You ought not name her that, Bill, everybody names their cows and dairy goats Daisys."

"I don't know any Daisys," she threw back, while tying the goat to

a tree near the lot. The small animal ate young maple leaves from Millie's hand as the woman watched her strong husband clear up the wood scraps around the new goat house.

"We'll have to have this painted" she said standing near the wire fencing. Paul grumbled and stepping out of the lot carried his tools to the storage shed.

For ten years, after the birth of two younger goats, Herman and Elsie, Daisy Mae gave a quart every day at three o'clock when Millie went down to milk her. As she and Paul only used that much every other day, the remainder went to the chickens and dogs and sometimes to sick neighbors. For a while a man with bone cancer bought two quarts from Millie twice a week for a dollar twenty-five.

The woman's old shoes squashed the wet grass that hung into the path leading from the gate to the little hut. Large bare areas on the sides of the hut showed gray where the green paint had worn off. Millie was pricing two cans of weatherproof latex when she reached the wire opening of the goat house. After unlocking the door and swinging it open, the usual swarm of flies met her waving her arms. She bent and stepped inside.

Herman and Elsie stood quietly in one corner against a yellow straw pile. The latter snorted,

pushing her hoof toward the edge of the trough. Herman whined a little and Millie stood still and close to the door frame.

The hut smelled just like usual, straw and dung scents hung in the air and thinned near the opening. A strong light struck through and into the corner where Daisy Mae lay on her side.

Millie walked toward her white goat; stooping down she patted the large cold belly, ruffling the fur on down to her neck. The flesh under stiff fur was dark gray, darker than the bare splotches on the side of the hut.

Millie felt hot breath scrape in her tightened throat as she sighed roughly. Pulling her arm back, the hand clasped fast around one of the animal's rigid legs. Millie moved her eyes over the underbelly and noticed the flat udder, dark pink. She reached out and felt that they were silky and loose, not unlike her own which hung warm and limp against a hard and pounding chest.

Standing up too quickly the older woman reeled, breathing heavy as the tingling heat behind her darkened vision faded. Cooler, she turned toward the wire door and noticed the absence of the younger goats. "Must of gone on out." She stepped through the frame and shut the door, leaving Daisy Mae in the stuffy dark.

Outside, the sprinkling rain felt good and as it increased she lead the young goats into a smaller yet sheltered lot.

That afternoon, Millie sat in the den chair with a crochet needle in her fist; a new skein of off-white yarn lay in the basket at her feet. Her eyes were closed tight and she jerked up quick upon hearing a tap behind her. A sigh shuttered through her chest and shoulders as she turned back, away from the pane where the maple branch touched the glass, and left spots of drying rain in the tiny screen squares. ■

In addition to our final spring magazine, *Coraddi* will publish two special issues. The first will feature film and photography and the second will be devoted to poetry. We welcome any submissions from our readers, and encourage all interested persons to enter these contests.

Attention Photographers and Poets!

CORADDI PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

DEADLINE — December 17, 1982

Photographs must be black and white.

Submissions from UNC-G and the community-at-large will be accepted.

Submissions should include the contributor's name, complete address and telephone number.

Prizes will be awarded — \$50 Grand Prize, \$25 Second Prize and \$15 Third Prize.

CORADDI POETRY CONTEST

DEADLINE — February 11, 1983

Typed poems are preferred.

Submissions from UNC-G and the community-at-large will be accepted.

Submissions should include the contributor's name, complete address, and telephone number.

Prizes will be awarded — \$50 Grand Prize, \$25 Second Prize and \$15 Third Prize.

All submissions should be brought to Room 205, Elliott University Center, or mailed to *Coraddi*,

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